







R. B. BROWN, Proprietor. J. M. BROWN, Editor.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 22, 1892.

THE ELECTION.

The late election was a puzzle to puzzling politicians themselves. The smoke—harshly buty and confusion of it is passing away and after a careful sorting out of the votes there are found to result as follows:—

According to the Argus the table of Representatives elected to the next Legislature, now stands, as far as heard from, 81 Democrats, 58 Whigs—and there are 12 Districts not yet heard from.

The Senators elected are pretty well ascertained to be, 8 Democrats, 14 Whigs, and 9 vacancies.

The Saco Democrat says:

The following is a summary of the Governor vote, so far as ascertained on Saturday last.

York,	25	205	205	365	92
Cumberland,	30	620	2624	4554	209
Somerset,	26	2204	2210	960	54
Franklin,	11	1127	451	671	39
Hancock,	16	1552	1437	517	39
Piscataquis,	16	743	793	316	128
Kennebec,	32	3269	4284	1413	54
Laroch,	31	4543	4778	1328	108
Oxford,	32	3361	805	3244	47
Penobscot,	41	4514	2674	2427	102
Washington,	21	1221	1817	824	96
Waldo,	27	3753	3682	693	40
308	3798	27677	20302	1169	

In these 308 towns in 1850, Hubbard had 36,923; Crosby 30,177; Talbot and scattering 6,838.

CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR OF THE KENNEBEC COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Show and Fair of this Society will take place at Readfield, on the 13th and 14th of October next, (not September, as erroneously printed on the outside of this paper.)

We trust the good people within the bounds of the Society will bear in mind that it is incumbent on individuals to make the show, collectively, what it should be. There is material enough on every hand to make an excellent display, if it be only brought out in season, and suitably arranged. Let every man, woman, and child do their duty in this respect. We shall probably be able to publish a programme of arrangements in our next.

We have now an Agricultural Society in every county in the State, and in some of them two, and in some three. Let them be good and doing, and we shall soon see the good effects of their action, in the improvements which they will encourage.

The following list gives the places and days for which the several Societies hold their several shows, as far as they have come to our knowledge.

- York County, Saco, Oct. 6th and 7th.
- West Somerset, Madison Bridge, Oct. 6th and 7th.
- North Arrostook, Presque Isle, October 13th and 14th.
- West Lincoln, Lewiston, Oct. 19th and 20th.
- Franklin County, Farmington, Oct. 6th and 7th.

BARREL MAKERS WANTED.

We suppose there are a great many in the county of Kennebec who understand the art of making such barrels as flour is packed in, but we do not know of any person who makes them. Every autumn there is a call for barrels to pack apples in. But it is difficult to obtain them. People who use to make barrels for this purpose, have, for some reason or other, quit the business, and those who had apples to pack have been under the necessity of hunting up, from house to house, empty flour barrels. This fall there are more hunters than can be supplied. The flour mills in this vicinity buy up all the spare barrels they can find—the sugar refiners, and others, pick up all in Portland and vicinity, and so the demand is greater than the supply.

If some one would start the business of barrel making, and had the facilities of machinery, and other aids, we believe he would find it would yield a fair profit. The barrels ought to be light, and sufficiently tight and strong for the purpose, and afforded to the farmer for 12 to 17 cents each.

Who is there, in a conveniently come-at-able place, that will start the business?

We ought to have a railroad now, from Kennebec to the heart of Arrostook county. The light, and smaller kinds of lumber, that are now rotting, or are consigned to the flames there, might be made up into staves, and transported easily and cheaply to those places where they are needed, and do great service to all concerned.

THE NEXT THING TO A GOOD WIFE.

If you want your home warm and comfortable, and with an atmosphere as mild and congenial as a morning in June, the next thing to a good wife in it, is one of Norcross's Furnaces. One of these, placed in a cellar, and its flues properly arranged, forms the most complete and thorough warming apparatus that has yet been invented. This may be thought to be what the Indian would call "very loud speak up," but we believe it is also "very true speak up." You will find a notice of it in our advertising columns. Mr. Norcross has studied the principles of this mode of warming buildings, and having made himself acquainted with the laws of heat, and the requirements of a steady and uniform circulation, has constructed his furnace in accordance with these laws and principles. We are happy to learn that they are beginning to be appreciated, and that they are building new houses, or those who are looking around for some safe, economical, and efficient mode of warming their apartments, during winter, cannot do better, we think, than to call and examine his furnace, and make themselves acquainted with its plan and mode of operation.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT. Mr. D. K. Frohock writes us, that on Thursday the little daughter of James Young, of Smithfield, in this State, while playing with other children, near a well curb, the boards on one side of which were partly gone, fell into the well and was drowned. The other children gave the alarm, and Mr. Isaac Clark descended into the well, which was nearly forty feet deep, and brought up the dead body of the child to its distressed mother. People should see that their wells are secured in such a manner as to prevent such sorrowful occurrences.

FIREMEN'S VISIT. We understand that a Hook and Ladder Company, from Dover, N. H., intended to make an excursion to this city. They will arrive here on Thursday, (to-day) and will probably stop until Friday. We do not know that there have been any arrangements made to receive them.

# THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

## THE LATE GREAT HEN SHOW.

From all accounts we are inclined to think the late hen show in Boston was a little on the divide order. Although ample arrangements were made in the way of coops and stands and other "chicken fixings," the stands were not all filled, and the poultry suffered by the excessive heat. The fact is the show was too early in the season, the old hens were moulting, and the chickens not in full feather.

We hear of one or two sales at a high figure, but they were between old stagers in hen commerce, and it is hinted that, although two hens and a couple of roosters were sold for \$100, there was probably a tall discount made on settlement of the bills. Speaking of chickens reminds us of a peep we met the other day at our neighbor Wood's place, or perhaps Potomac as the Major calls them. They are splendid chickens, "sandy and large," as Shakespeare would say.

The Major weighed one of them at three months old, and it settled the steelyards down to four pounds and a quarter. If such are the chickens what will the hens be when they arrive at the adult age of chickenhood?

The following are the prizes awarded to the competitors of the Boston show:

Gallinace—Black Spanish—1st, Eben Wight, Dedham; 2d, John Giles, Providence, R. I.; 3d, G. P. Childs, Woonsocket, R. I.

Goulden—1st, Eben Wight, Dedham; 2d, A. L. Pierson, Jr., Salem; 3d, Eben Wight, Dedham. Best Grey Dorkings—John Giles, Providence, R. I.

Game—1st, John H. Brookhouse, Boston (for Sumatra); 2d, Calvin H. Young, South Hingham, (Spanish Game); 3d, W. M. Brookhouse, (Sumatra).

Salmon—1st, Henry H. Williams, West Roxbury; 2d, A. A. White, East Randolph. Black Shanghai—1st, H. H. Williams, W. Roxbury; 2d and 3d, C. S. Sampson, W. Roxbury.

White Shanghai—1st, Eben Wight, Dedham; 2d, H. H. Williams, W. Roxbury; 3d, Eben Wight.

Buff, or Yellow Shanghai—1st, G. Brackett, Newton Corner; 2d, H. L. Raymond, Abington; 3d, John Nesmith, Dover, N. H.

Malay, or Chittagong—1st, Geo. Smith, Valley Falls, R. I.; Andrew Kirk, Tapleville, Mass; 2d, Geo. Smith.

Shanghai, or China Fowls—1st, H. H. Williams, W. Roxbury, (Burnham's stock); 2d, H. D. (Dixon's stock).

Hong Kong Fowls—1st, C. C. Plained, Great Falls, N. H.

Golden Hamburg—1st, W. N. Brookhouse, Middleton, 2d, do., for chickens.

Silver Hamburg—1st, A. H. Hall, Rockport.

Black Polish, with Top-knots—1st and 2d, Eben Wight, Dedham.

Caps Dominique Fowls—1st, Lewis Smith, Shiloh.

Golden Bantams—1st and 2d, H. H. Williams, West Roxbury, (Andrew's importation).

Silver Bantams—1st, John Giles, Providence, R. I.

Black Bantams—1st, Thomas C. Murphy, Lynn.

Fancy Bantams—1st, H. H. Williams, W. Roxbury.

Turkeys—Domestic—1st, J. H. Brookhouse, Boston, 2d, Chas. R. Blecher, E. Randolph.

Ducks—1st, John Giles, Providence, R. I.; 2d, C. R. Blecher, E. Randolph.

Muscovy—1st, Thomas Thacher, Jr., Roxbury.

Tufted—1st, John Giles, Providence, R. I.

Geese—Brant—1st, C. R. Blecher, East Randolph.

Wild—1st, C. R. Blecher.

Bremen—1st, Samuel Hucks Milton.

Pigeons—Fancy—Thomas S. Gaddes, Lynnhaven, Va.

Unless otherwise specified, all the foregoing competitors reside in Massachusetts.

Mr. Giles of Providence informs us, he has the first prize ticket—No. 187—for the best pair of Black Spanish Fowls, Dr. Wight's premium being for the best three, a rooster and two hens.

## GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

Monstrous Potatoes. Walter Nichols, Esq., has left at our office, says the Belfast Signal, a specimen of potatoes raised in North Searport by Alexander Black. They are called the "Seal foot," and two of them weighed over three pounds.

Velocity of Sound. Different sounds will travel with different velocity—a call to dinner will run over a ten-acre lot in a moment and a half, while a summons to return to work takes from five to eight minutes.

A Pickpocket Killed. A gentleman from the South while viewing the stock at the New York State Fair, at Utica, on Friday last, discovered that some one was cutting open his pocket, in which was the sum of \$4000. He waited until his pocket was cut open, and then drew a bowie knife and plunged it into the heart of the robber, killing him instantly, after which he gave himself up to the authorities.

Fatal accident. A fatal rail road accident occurred Friday morning 17th inst., at Cabotville, just as the excursion train was leaving for Springfield. It appears the engineer, in letting on the steam too suddenly, caused a concussion of the cars as to throw all the passengers for their seats, to throw a Mr. Stone of Northampton, and another, name unknown, of Holyoke, were killed.

Destructive Fire. A great fire occurred at Ravenna, Ohio, on the morning of the 15th inst., which burned down 12 stores and several private dwellings, but little of the contents being saved, so rapid was the spread of the flames. The loss is estimated at from \$40,000 to \$60,000 in buildings alone, the insurance on which is partial. The town presents a desolate sight.

Sale of a cotton factory. The Phoenix cotton factory in the vicinity of Baltimore was sold at auction on the 13th for \$28,000; it originally cost \$100,000.

A new use for India Rubber. A letter from Vienna states that the Austrian War Department has authorized experiments to be made to test the use of a bayonet made of india-rubber. It is to be used to instruct the infantry in the bayonet exercise, as the thrusts can be made with perfect recklessness and safety. It will be to the musket what the glove is to the hand in springing.

A warning to boys. A boy named Frank Kelley, died at Wheeling last Sunday, from the rupture of a blood vessel while standing on his head and imitating circus performers. This should be a solemn teaching to boys.

The Latest. The following was found in the pocket of a suicide. No insect was held on the body—Why is a rhinoceros, after swallowing a tiger-cat, like a Roman swordman? Because he is glad-to-ate-his!

The shoe string manufactory. Among the enterprises in Georgetown, Mass., is that of manufacturing shoe strings. The process is simple yet requiring quite a number of workmen to meet the demand for the article. The strings are made from calfskin and sole leather, the former costing \$30 per thousand and the latter \$10 per thousand—the quality of stock ranging the prices.

A good old age. In the good old town of Wethersfield (Conn.) it is the custom to toll the age of every person who dies. Last week the bell, one of the largest in the State, was tolled one hundred strokes at the death of a Mrs. Ayrault. Mrs. A. has never exhibited marks of unusual age.

Flogging. If they abolish flogging in the navy they must do away with the sparker.

Another invention. The Springfield Republican says that S. D. Nims, of Palmer, has made an invention for ringing a bell at every railroad crossing, when the cars are within half a mile of it. It consists of a gear, operated upon by the flange of the car wheels, which communicates motion to the bell by a wire.

Spurious Coin. Albert Day, U. S. Consul at Leeds, gives notice to the Secretary of the Treasury that three of four Germans have been arrested at Hull, Eng., who were carrying on the business of counterfeiting the coins of the United States, Prussia and Denmark. It is supposed that the coin is intended to be passed off on emigrants. Inhabitants of our seaports should be on their guard against the introduction of spurious coin from abroad.

Deaths. In Dauphin Co., Pa., are to be seen the smallest specimens of humanity probably in existence, viz, two brothers, present in every respect, the elder 3 years old, 17 inches in height, and weighing only 7 pounds; the younger 6 months old, weighing only 3 pounds. The parents are very large persons, the father weighing 204 pounds, and the mother 406 pounds.

A new business for express. A few days since the editor of the Cincinnati Gazette saw at the office of the American Express Company, in that city, a little girl, about ten years of age, who had been shipped by express from Washington City to her father, Mr. Perryman, at Dayton, Ohio. The cost of transportation—including boarding and extra care—was only \$18.

Old Timber. Some sound beams have been found in the ruins of Nineveh, where they are supposed to have been placed at least seven hundred years before the birth of Christ.

Caution against eating unripe fruit. One day last week three boys—all brothers and living in Buffalo—went into an orchard, and ate freely of unripe apples. The next morning they all lay dead in a room together, having been attacked with the cholera in its most violent form.

The Lost Crown of Hungary. The Emperor of Austria has promised an immense reward to any person who will recover the crown of Hungary, which disappeared during the revolution. He has promised a million of florins to those magistrates who are suspected of being in correspondence with Kossuth if they will assist in the recovery of that crown.

Quite a family. Mrs. Elliott, of Jersey City a few days since, gave birth to her twenty-third child! Both are doing well. The age of Mr. Elliott is 55, and that of Mrs. Elliott 50. They have been married about 30 years.

Interesting Baptism. The venerable Dr. Lowell, of this city, says the Boston Commonwealth, recently baptised at his residence, in Cambridge, (he being now in ill-health) a child whose parents and grand-parents he married, and whose mother and grand-mother he baptised, in their childhood. We doubt if many baptisms like this have taken place in America. They are probably more common in Europe, where, generally speaking, pastors remain settled for life, and the population, especially the peasantry, is less fluctuating than ours.

Alarming State of Things. An Oregon correspondent of the Com. Adv., in speaking of the famous Oregon Land Law, which gives a mile square of land to every actual settler married before a certain date—says that it sets the whole country astir and everybody got married that could. The scarcity of marriageable females, however, was such that in some instances girls of 14, 12, 13 and 11 years of age, were married, in order to secure the land privileges!

Value of Dimity. Without a chap had a chance once in a while to squeeze the waist of a pretty bunch of calico, the world wouldn't be of the value of a squeezed lemon to him. He would not have any buttons on his shirt, and no partner in the quadrille. Suicide and broken breeches would turn hermit and go a fishing for eels.

## Great fall of beer. Two large "coppers" for brewing beer in Taylor's brewery, Broadway, Albany, suspended by an arch over the river, broke through on Friday. The smaller copper, containing 200 barrels of beer, was completely destroyed, and the beer lost. The larger one, large enough for 600 barrels, was empty, and was saved from damage. Considerable machinery was carried down with the wreck, and the total loss of property is \$3,500; but the interruption to the manufacture is a more severe loss.

Convicted. Major Howes, who made the murderous assault on Miss Buck, a schoolmistress, at Milford, Ct., some months since because she would not marry him, has been convicted of an intent to commit murder. The penalty for the offence is imprisonment for ten years or upwards, at the discretion of the court.

A new Post Office. A new post office has been established at Rosedale, Kennebec County, Me., and C. G. Baxter appointed postmaster.

A beautiful superstition. That is a beautiful superstition which prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings, nor close its eyes, until it has flown to the spirit-land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not infrequent to see twenty or thirty birds left loose over one grave.

## LAW DECISIONS.

REPORTED FOR THE FARMER.

WENTWORTH vs. KNEZER AND AL. In a suit upon a judgment, recovered before a justice of the peace, the plaintiff is bound to establish the existence of the record.

For that purpose it is not sufficient to introduce a book, alleged to contain the record, without some proof of its authenticity.

OSGOOD vs. LANSILL. The Court is not bound, unless requested, to give instruction as to the legal consequences of a proposition urged by counsel to the jury.

Where the Judge refers to the jury a question of law, which he ought himself to decide, there is no ground for exceptions, if it be decided correctly by the jury.

Where evidence had been given in support of a set-off claim, and a general verdict was rendered for the defendant, (without showing whether the plaintiff had failed to establish any claim, or whether his demand was balanced by the set-off), there is no right in the plaintiff to except, that the Judge did not give instruction to the jury in relation to the set-off; unless such instruction was requested.

BLAKE vs. RUSS. Where one party is notified by the other party, according to the rules of the Court, to produce any specified books or papers, and they are accordingly produced in Court and examined by the party calling for them; if he then omit to introduce them, they may be used as evidence by the party producing them. The English rule upon that point, adverted to in 1 Greenl. Ev. § 563, is the law of this State.

The ruling upon this point, in Penobscot Boom Co. v. Lamson, though not called for by the facts of the case, is approved and affirmed.

Blake, for the plaintiff.

McGrillis and Crosby, contra.

For the Maine Farmer.

LINCOLN AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting of this Society was held at Wiscasset on the 10th day of August last, in the Bank Hall at 10 o'clock, A. M. A large and spirited gathering, unusual, unexpected, but highly gratifying, were assembled at the hour and place appointed, who proceeded with alacrity and good feeling, to organize under their charter.

B. C. Bailey, Esq., of Bath, was chosen moderator, and Erasmus Foote, Jr., clerk of the meeting. The proper committees were promptly named by the chair, and as promptly chosen. Every wheel thus set in motion, the meeting adjourned till 2 o'clock P. M.

Met at the appointed hour. The committee on By-Laws, reported a code for the government of the Society, which was unanimously adopted. The committee to select a list of officers, reported a list which was unanimously chosen; much other business was attended to, "En passant," and the Society adjourned with the greatest harmony and good will to the same hour and place on the 20th October next, mainly for the purpose of admitting new members; a very large accession to their number is confidently expected.

Too late, this year, for an Exhibition and Fair yet determined not to be least, 'till last, every member falls into line with a zeal that is refreshing indeed, and success must attend the effort. The following list of officers were chosen:

President—Alex. Johnston, Jr., of Wiscasset.

Vice Presidents—B. C. Bailey, Bath; Eben Cobb, Union; Thos. Simmons, Wadsworth; Doct. John S. Wright, Newcaslet; Joseph Day, Damariscotta.

Board of Trustees—E. Wilder Farley, Newcaslet; Wm. B. Trufant, West Bath; Myrick L. Weeks, Jefferson; George Rogers, Topsham; Charles Crockett, Rockland.

Corr. Secretary—Nathl. Ford, Alna.

Clerk & Librarian—Erasmus Foote, Jr., Wiscasset.

Treasurer—John Holmes, Newcaslet.

Collector—Samuel P. Baker, Wiscasset.

Also a list of 106 "Monitors," appointed by the board of Trustees for the several towns in Lincoln County.

For the Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURAL MEETING.

The West Lincoln Agricultural and Horticultural Society met in Jones' Hall on the 8th inst., pursuant to adjournment.

The President being absent, Captain Daniel Holland, Vice President, called the meeting to order.

On motion of Col. J. M. Frye, the By-Laws were taken up, and after considerable discussion, in which Messrs. Frye, Ham, Garelson, Jones, Cary, Brooks, Sprague and Weymouth participated, a slight alteration was made in Art. 5, giving power to elect seven Trustees instead of five.

## TERRIBLE MURDER.

We learn that a horrible murder was perpetrated at Natick, Mass., on the evening of Friday last. We cut the following particulars from our Boston exchanges:—

A horrible murder was committed in South Natick, on Friday night. Mr. O. Taylor, a shoemaker, was killed outright, and his wife so much injured that she will die. The blows were inflicted with an axe, and a young Irish boy, named Casey, about 19 years of age, has been arrested on suspicion of being the murderer.

The first thing that was seen of the tragedy was from the appearance of two children of the deceased in their night clothes, at a neighbor's house, on Saturday morning, saying that their parents were dead. The oldest was only seven years old, and both were afraid to return to their home, they being terrified by the sight of the murder, but found their parents weltering in blood, as soon as they arose in the morning.

The Evening Gazette says that Mrs. Taylor had a few moments of consciousness about 5 P. M. Saturday, and when Casey was brought before her, she uttered a fearful shriek and exclaimed "He is the Murderer—he killed my husband!" She then fell back, was attacked with spasms, and was not expected to live through the night. When identified, Casey started back and uttered a cry of guilt.

A Scotchman, name unknown, arrested in Boston by officer Ham, on suspicion of being concerned in the murder, was delivered to the authorities of Natick, and committed to jail with Casey.

The Traveller of Monday evening has the following additional particulars:—

The house at South Natick, where Mr. Taylor was murdered and his wife mortally wounded on Friday night, was visited Saturday and Sunday by a large crowd of people, but few of whom were admitted to the house. Mrs. Taylor was alive this morning, and some slight hopes are entertained that she may recover. The rumor that she had identified Casey as the murderer amounts to this: though unable to speak she appeared to have her senses, and when asked by the doctor to press his hand, and Casey was the man who attacked her, she immediately pressed it. There was little additional evidence before the Coroner's Jury to that published in the Traveller on Saturday. The Jury returned the following verdict:—

"That on the 17th inst., between the hours of 6 and 9 in the afternoon, the said Taylor, who was at work in his shop, was struck five or six blows with an axe on the head, causing death and deadly wounds, of which he died Ouvia Taylor, instantly died. And the jurors further say, that several blows were struck by the hands of Thomas Casey, a man in the employ of said Ouvia Taylor, as we firmly believe."

(Signed) Alexander Colledge, Coroner; Amory Morse, Samuel Sawyer, Samuel H. Coburn, David Washburn, Charles Walker, Horace Cate, Jurors.

The Scotchman who was arrested on Saturday was discharged, it appearing that he was at another place on the night of the murder. Casey was brought before the Coroner's Jury on Sunday, and some important witnesses being absent, the examination was postponed, and he was committed to Concord jail.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF KOSSUTH.

Since the great Magyar left this country in such a quiet, unostentatious manner, but little has been said or heard of him, and the question at the head of this article is one that is often asked, but very few are found that can give any answer to it. As it may be interesting to many of our readers to be informed of his whereabouts, we give them the following from the New York Express:—

Kossuth! What of Kossuth? It is so long since we have heard his name mentioned, that we are almost inclined to believe that he has died. In fact, we should discover him "down among the dead men." The newspapers there never give us an inkling even of his illustrious whereabouts, and those voracious chroniclers, "our own correspondents" of the American press, have never a syllable, even to throw away upon him. Where is he? What is he doing? How comes that pressing business he was in such a great hurry to get to England to attend to? All these inquiries that have been so frequently put here, more out of curiosity than anxiety, that it gives us great pleasure to relieve the solicitude of these asking for information.

We learn, then, from a passenger by the Europa, that the great Magyar is living in a private boarding house in a street in London, will not be in the least degree troubling himself about Continental politics, the intervention question, nor the solidarity of the people. The French, Italian, and Hungarian exiles with which the British metropolis swarms, it is said, are less in the habit of looking to him for counsel and advice, now, than to Mazzini. Kossuth, they argue, with great plausibility, has no opened the eyes of Abolitionists on the Continent, that it is morally and physically impossible that any such role for the revival of revolution can succeed under his management. His speeches and harangues in the United States, they say, have only had the effect to show Kings and Princes their weak places, and to put them upon their guard against revolutionary innovations, as pointed out and enforced by Kossuth. As a leader, therefore, his prestige, his influence, his name, is gone.

The London press, nevertheless, are instructed to keep a sharp eye on the movements of "the Magyar." But, so far, they have had no occasion to interfere with him; taking it for granted that he is no longer in the confidence of the exiles in England, as we have stated. It is believed he has means enough at his command to enable him and his family to spend the rest of their days in peace and comfort, private residents of London.

TROUBLE IN ILLINOIS. The St. Louis Evening News of Friday, says a gentleman who arrived in that city from Carlisle, in Illinois, states that a few days since a difficulty arose in that place between some citizens and a party of free negroes, which caused a good deal of excitement at the time. It grew out of a fight which took place between a negro boy and a son of ex-Senator Breese. The father of the boy interfered and gave Judge Breese's son a beating. Others interfered, and party after party became involved on each side, until the excitement became general.

The citizens took the negroes who had first offended, tied them up and whipped them. Three other negroes who had somehow signalled themselves in the difficulty, were served in like manner. Some of the soldiers in the course of the excitement, loaded a cannon with several pounds of buckshot, and fired it at a negro house. There were only two occupants in it at the time, one of whom received a slight injury. The negroes were ordered to leave the place in three days, and threatened with similar treatment if they failed to comply. When our informant left, the excitement had subsided, but it is possible that it was renewed at the end of the three days trace, which had been granted the negroes.

RECOVERY OF LOST MONEY. A very curious case of recovery of money, missing from the mail for several months has just been brought to notice. It was that of a letter put into mail at Sharpsburg, Md., addressed to Mr. George W. Dyer, C. enclosing one thousand dollars, in bank notes of larger or smaller amount. Of that letter nothing had been heard since its failure to arrive at its destination, until on Thursday morning last, when it arrived at its destination. (Mr. W. Dyer is in Georgetown) from the Richmond Post-office with the endorsement of the Postmaster of that city, that it had come in an envelope, without post-mark or anything but the address to Richmond. The package was addressed to Mr. W. Dyer, with a contrite letter, purporting to be from a person concerned in taking it. The contents (the bank notes) had, by moisture of water, become so matted together that it will be difficult to count and separate them, but with care we suppose it may be done. (Baltimore Sun.)

FAST, DECIDEDLY. On Saturday morning there was no trace of a bridge over the one hundred and fifty feet span, on the House, thrown down on Wednesday. The Saturday evening express train was delayed ten minutes to make up the last miles when the cars with five hundred passengers were in safety. This fast would not have been attempted in any other country.

(New Haven Courier.)

## LATER FROM MEXICO.

Intelligence is received from Mexico to the 24 inst. via Havana.

The immense crowd of people of Guadalajara had been well received in Mazatlan. From that port 200 men and four cannon had been embarked for Altata, and 1







## The Muse.

Written for the Maine Farmer.  
THESE DAYS IN EVERYTHING.  
BY MARY B. LUCK.

There's beauty in the forest tree,  
That proudly waves its head,  
And throws its darkening shadows o'er  
The modest violet's bed.  
There's beauty in each stream that glides  
Serenely towards the sea,  
That mirrors, on its glassy breast,  
Each flower, shrub and tree.  
That deck its banks, and bow their heads  
To kiss the sparkling wave;  
And beauty in each bird that seeks  
In cooling stream to live.  
There's beauty in the flitting cloud,  
And in the deep blue sky;  
There's beauty rare in all that's made  
By him who reigns on high.  
Each lofty tree and lowly flower,  
That rise upon the soil,  
Alike display, in all their forms,  
The handiwork of God.  
New England, Sept., 1852.

## GIRL OF THE BLUE EYE BRIGHT AND BEAMING.

Oh, for the time of the Summer's dawn,  
To hear the lark the choir singing;  
Oh, for a walk in the dew-damp lawn,  
When health from every breeze is springing;  
Oh, for the shade of the hawthorn tree,  
With mid-day sun above its glowing;  
Oh, for such hours to spend with thee,  
Girl of the blue eye bright and beaming!  
Oh, for the time of the evening's close,  
With not a breath of breeze disturbing;  
Oh, for a share of thy sweet repose,  
But alone the bliss enjoying;  
Oh, for the heart and the winter dream;  
When joyous hearts with love are teeming;  
Oh, for such hours to spend with thee,  
Girl of the blue eye bright and beaming!  
Oh, for a life "mid scenes like this,  
Uncolored by worldly wealth or splendor;  
Oh, for a life of radiant bliss,  
Shared with a feeling heart and tender;  
Oh, that the fairy scene might be,  
In a land where Freedom's flag is streaming;  
Where heaven on earth is to be with thee,  
Girl of the blue eye bright and beaming!

## The Story-Teller.

From the New England Farmer.  
FARMERS' SONS.

When a young man leaves his home in the country for a desirable one in the city, or elsewhere, the inference, as a general thing, is that he is "spoiled" by indulgence on the part of the parents, or by certain influences which may have fallen upon him, led to despise labor on a farm, and induced to seek a less laborious and more easy mode of life. That these are not the only causes which induce boys to leave a good home and farm, the following sketch, perhaps, may show.

"I am really very glad to see you, Mrs. Gore, this afternoon. Do you know that it is nearly a whole year since I've had this pleasure, and you my nearest neighbor?"

"I did not think it was so long, but—but, I have a great deal of care."

"Yes, you certainly must have. Let us take our work and sit on the piazza; it is much cooler there, and secluded from the sun."

"Can we see our meadow from there, Mrs. Norton?"

"Let me see—oh, yes, very well."

"Mr. Gore, with the men and Billy, have gone down to the lower field, fencing, and he wishes me to have an eye on the meadow, as that fence is all down, and our cattle are in the road. I see you have finished planting, Mrs. Norton. You have every thing done in season, and yet you never seem hurried, or fretted. You must take comfort."

"Why, as to that, we feel that there is nothing worth doing but is worth well doing; and feeling thus, we own but little land—a small farm compared with yours—and we find no difficulty in having our work done at the right time."

"Yes—and I can hardly realize, Mrs. Norton, that this is the same place where I played, when a child; 'tis so changed, and so beautifully changed, that I hardly recognize it—why, in this very spot, twenty years ago, a sand bank 'twas, in which nothing grew but duck and tansy. I used to get the double tansy for grandmothers to color their cheese with. I am not surprised that my Billy should say, as he did to-day, that he was never so happy as when he was under the ash tree down by the spring. Really, Mrs. Norton, that is the only one near our house, and that is fast going to decay. You have vines, trees and shrubs, and beautiful flowers; why, it seems to me these things must tend to make home pleasant."

"You are right, Mrs. Gore; we feel that by cultivating a taste for the beautiful in nature, we improve the character and soften the heart."

"I know you are right, and not for my sake, but on Billy's account, I wish I could make Mr. Gore think as we do. But perhaps I do wrong to speak in this way, for Mr. Gore has more care now than any one man ought to have, and I know that he has more time for anything but making any improvements. But I am in hopes that when William grows up, he will get time to set trees and make our home pleasant, for a mere ardent love of nature I surely never saw."

"Mrs. Gore, of course your husband knows his own business, but I often thought that it would be for your interest all round, if your husband had less care to care for. I mean if he would sell some, to make less his care as well as your own."

"Perhaps so; but really Mr. Gore doesn't think it looks just right for a man to part with property which has been handed down from father to son, until it is now in the fourth generation. 'Tis true, I have a good deal of care, and must work hard, but I have no reason to complain, though I would be very nice, what little time I have to now, to sit in such a cool, delightful place as this. Perhaps I am all wrong, and think too much of these things."

Mrs. Gore was returning from the visit to her neighbor, when she was met by a young man, who, she thought, she had never seen before. He was a tall, slender young man, with a fair complexion, and a pair of blue eyes, which were bright and beaming. He was dressed in a simple, but neat, suit of clothes, and he had a pleasant smile upon his face. He bowed slightly to Mrs. Gore, and then turned to the young man who was standing by her side. "I am really very glad to see you, Mrs. Gore, this afternoon. Do you know that it is nearly a whole year since I've had this pleasure, and you my nearest neighbor?"

mother, that Mike is a good hand, for he helped take up and set out all Mr. Norton's trees."

"And what did your father say, my dear?"

"He said, 'Don't be so foolish, child—we've no time to fool away, or something of that kind. I wish I had strength to pull it up; but I don't know as father would let me set it out. Do you think it is foolish, mother?'"

"My dear child, your father has a great deal of care and anxiety, and you heard him say this morning, when the man called to tell him his fence all lay flat, and everybody's cattle were in, that his work was driving him continually; so perhaps father thought 'twould be wrong to spend the time that he now so precious to us, in doing what we could get along without doing."

"Well, mother, does father take much comfort?"

"He is always behindhand, and he never finishes all the jobs he begins. Why, don't you know, last summer we had so much to do that we did not get time to hoe that piece of corn between the woods, and I heard father say myself, that it did not begin to pay for ploughing. And, mother, you know I heard it talked over at the store, how father had to pay twice for that strip of land he bought of Mr. Chase, because he did not get time to make the deed, and Mr. Chase died before 'twas done. When I hear people say to father, 'You are the richest man in town,' or, 'you own the most land,' I think, 'well, I don't see as father is any happier than the neighbors, who have not half as much.' I wish father say to-day that he was harassed to death."

The night after the above conversation, as Billy was quietly sleeping, and Mr. Gore was with him, he was asked by the latter, "What are you doing, Billy?"

"I am fixing places to set out trees," he replied.

"What kind of trees?"

"Peach and pear trees, sir."

"Where did you get them?"

"I thought them at a tree auction to-day."

"You did? Well, you can't set them here, sir."

"I can't—what's the reason?"

"There are reasons enough, though I'm under no obligation to tell children; yet I won't be particular this time. In the first place, I wish you to understand once for all, that you take one step too far when you buy trees without leave or license, and more than that proceed deliberately to put them on my best corn land. And now you can do what you please with the trees. You have taken for two much liberty. You shall never set them on my land."

Without one word, William shouldered his spade and walked to the house. His mother, who stood at the corner window, although she heard no word spoken, understood the whole affair perfectly. She saw William shoulder the spade and then her heart beat heavily, but quickly raising the corner of her apron, she wiped away the tears which were fast falling, and met her son with a smile.

"Well, mother, I've done," said he, as he stood down on an old kitchen chair. "I've done trying to do any thing here. He won't let me be any body!"

"My child, don't speak so disrespectfully of your father. He, Billy, that sounds dreadfully; never say that again, my son."

"I can't help it, mother, I shan't stay here. You know what I told you last week, mother, and to-day I have had something come across my feelings, harder to bear than all. When I was coming from the village, I met a man with a double wagon, and a beautiful black iron in it. I was hoping to buy it, so I asked him where he got it. 'Squire Gore gave it me,' he replied. 'O, mother, wasn't that too much?' I asked him who took it up, and he said his father-in-law, who called Mike. I could have that tree in splinters, mother. I rode round by the grove, and sure enough 'twas gone, and the mossy seat all trampled and torn. Do you think after that I would ask him to let me set out the trees? No, mother, if father can do without me, I can do without him. I shall go away as soon as you can get my things ready. Of course the folks will say—'What an ungrateful boy to leave his father alone,' but why can't father try to please me as well as others—as well as strangers? There are the Norton boys—if father had done one-quarter for me that his father has done for me, I should be very, very happy. O, mother, don't feel so badly—you must not blame me. I know you are a real Christian, mother, but I don't like you—a real Christian, and forgive every thing. I am some like father; I wish I was just like you."

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The summer was passed, the golden grain was garnered, and the rich fruits secured, when Mr. Gore who had grown somewhat moody of late, called Mike to the back door, and giving him some directions, took his hat, and passing out the other door, joined him.

"Let me see, you have the spade and hoe. Well, now, come down with me to the side of the hill where the early corn was planted, and do you remember where the holes were, that William made last spring?"

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"Well, set them right, and when you have done them, call me from the house."

Mr. Gore took the arm-chair, and moving it to the bedroom window, seemed lost in thought. Surely, he must be sick, for he never was so much at home of a week-day, except at meal times.

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"Sure, sir, a pleasant job to me, I was lazy to quit it."

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mind, she was more anxious that his heart should be won and taught.

But little change, outwardly, was visible in the Gore family when William had reached his eighteenth year. The homestead remained the same—save some marks which 'Time's effacing fingers' had not failed to make. The "ash-tree," by the spring, was gone, and the maple for 'the horse to stand under' had never been "set out."

One fine morning in May, William asked his father if he might have the horse he had to the village adjoining. Permission was given on condition that he would return before dinner. Dinner came, and with it came William.

"What has our William been doing?" exclaimed Mr. Gore, as he gave a hasty glance at the window.

"Cutting a wagon load of whistles!"

"I don't know, but I can't see very well without my glasses."

"Twas easy to see, however, that that hasty glance had ruffled the smooth current of his thoughts, for he at once knew that whistles needed no roots. William took out the horse, wheeled the wagon into the shed, and entering the long kitchen, seated himself at the table. The mother with her quick perception failed not to understand why that shadowy perception upon the father's brow. Hardly a word was spoken—Mr. Gore, leaving the table took to a newspaper, a thing which he rarely had time to do; it was evident to Billy, however, that he was not reading very intently for the paper was upside down. When William left the house, he went directly for the spade and hoe, and walking deliberately down the hill side, south of the house, commenced making holes twelve feet apart, where he had helped his father plow the day before. He had thus been engaged half an hour, when rising to wipe the heavy drops of moisture from his forehead, he saw his father looking earnestly at him.

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"No fear o' that, sir."

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"And sure 'tis not me that's after forgetting such things, for didn't I put a flat stone by every bit of 'em; and didn't I be hoeing and harrowin' 'em, and didn't I be sowing a bit? For do you mind, sir, I set a date by the boy—he wouldn't hurt a hare, sir, and his heart is as big as a whale."

"Well, what's that, enough, Mike. Now you bring all the trees you buried in the swamp, and set them out just as you did Norton's, and do you know which were the trees designed for the holes William had opened?"

"And faith I mind it well, for didn't I tie a string round 'em, and by 'em 'em 'em."

"Well, set them right, and when you have done them, call me from the house."

Mr. Gore took the arm-chair, and moving it to the bedroom window, seemed lost in thought. Surely, he must be sick, for he never was so much at home of a week-day, except at meal times.

Two hours passed and Mike was passing the window, when he was thus accosted by Mr. Gore: "Have you done, Mike?"

"Sure, sir, a pleasant job to me, I was lazy to quit it."

"Now take your spade and prepare a place by this window, where you see I've placed the sticks,

for a larger tree. Now if you have it right, go over to Capt. Burns' and ask him if he will sell me that larch tree in the west corner of his birch lot. Tell him the price is no object, and be careful you don't break any of the small roots; be careful, Mike."

"No fear o' that, sir."

"Stop, that is not all. When you come home, call at Smith's, and tell him I have concluded to let him have the land, and tell him to come over this afternoon and Squire Norton will be here to fix the writings. Tell all who inquire for me that I am sick."

Before night one-third of Mr. Gore's land was in Mr. Smith's possession, and the deeds on record. The larch seemed quite at home by the bedroom window.

And now, what strange spell was this upon Mr. Gore?

"Oh, there are moments in our life When but a thought, a word, a look, has power To wrest the cup of happiness aside, And stamp us wretched!"

The evening before, Mr. Gore, changed to take up a school-book of William's, and on a blank leaf were written, in a neat schoolboy hand, these simple lines:

"Tis the best blessing summer's eyes shall behold; Long, long ere another, this heart shall be cold; For oh, its warm feelings on earth have been chilled, And I grieve not that shortly its pulse will be still."

Mr. Gore dropped the book, and wandered he hardly knew whither, but he found himself in the swamp where William's trees were buried. What followed, the reader already knows.

Mrs. Gore had finished her day's work, and was seating herself in the little rocking chair, when Mr. Gore called to her from the back-room.

"Betsy will you sit in here? I want you to write a letter to William to-night."

"To-night? Why it is after nine o'clock!"

"I know it, but I shall feel better if it is done to-night. I feel sick all over, and perhaps I am nervous."

"I will write what you wish me to, my dear lady."

"O, don't say so—but tell Billy I wish him to come home without delay; tell him for the love he bears his mother, and for the love I bear him, to come now. Say that my hand trembles so I can't write this, but I say it with my inmost heart."

"I can't—what's the reason?"

"There are reasons enough, though I'm under no obligation to tell children; yet I won't be particular this time. In the first place, I wish you to understand once for all, that you take one step too far when you buy trees without leave or license, and more than that proceed deliberately to put them on my best corn land. And now you can do what you please with the trees. You have taken for two much liberty. You shall never set them on my land."

Without one word, William shouldered his spade and walked to the house. His mother, who stood at the corner window, although she heard no word spoken, understood the whole affair perfectly. She saw William shoulder the spade and then her heart beat heavily, but quickly raising the corner of her apron, she wiped away the tears which were fast falling, and met her son with a smile.

"Well, mother, I've done," said he, as he stood down on an old kitchen chair. "I've done trying to do any thing here. He won't let me be any body!"

"My child, don't speak so disrespectfully of your father. He, Billy, that sounds dreadfully; never say that again, my son."

"I can't help it, mother, I shan't stay here. You know what I told you last week, mother, and to-day I have had something come across my feelings, harder to bear than all. When I was coming from the village, I met a man with a double wagon, and a beautiful black iron in it. I was hoping to buy it, so I asked him where he got it. 'Squire Gore gave it me,' he replied. 'O, mother, wasn't that too much?' I asked him who took it up, and he said his father-in-law, who called Mike. I could have that tree in splinters, mother. I rode round by the grove, and sure enough 'twas gone, and the mossy seat all trampled and torn. Do you think after that I would ask him to let me set out the trees? No, mother, if father can do without me, I can do without him. I shall go away as soon as you can get my things ready. Of course the folks will say—'What an ungrateful boy to leave his father alone,' but why can't father try to please me as well as others—as well as strangers? There are the Norton boys—if father had done one-quarter for me that his father has done for me, I should be very, very happy. O, mother, don't feel so badly—you must not blame me. I know you are a real Christian, mother, but I don't like you—a real Christian, and forgive every thing. I am some like father; I wish I was just like you."

William expected his mother would treat him to stay at home, but no, not one word did she say in favor of it. She knew these boys were little things to cause the boy to leave the home of his youth for a home among strangers, but she knew also that the joys and griefs at home are almost all made up of little, very little things.

We will hasten over the particulars of William's leaving home, and only say that his father's parting words were, "I can do without you as long as you can without me, William."

In four weeks from his leaving-time, William was a sort of waiter on board a Mississippi steamboat.

Mr. Gore hired an extra hand—many people thought his heads meaningly, and said it was a pity, a great pity, but nothing new or strange, for an only child to be spoiled by indulgence; but there, he was a pretty, bright boy, and they supposed it came hard to punish him, but "Spare the rod and spoil the child," was scripture.

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